

## THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

102 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1896.

Entered in the Post Office in New York as second class matter.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month.....40  
 DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year.....\$4.50  
 DAILY, Without Sunday, Per Month.....30  
 DAILY, Without Sunday, Per Year.....\$3.50  
 SUNDAY Alone, Per Year.....\$1.50  
 Twice the above rates in all foreign countries, except Mexico and Canada.  
 All money remitted at risk of sender.  
 In order to insure attention, subscribers wishing their addresses changed must give their old as well as new address.

## THE WEATHER.

Official weather forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be cloudy and probably rainy.

New England is still enthusiastic over the Olney boom.

The trolley demon is not to have the Brooklyn Plaza after all.

General Harrison admits the soft impeachment. He will be married after Lent.

The State printer is obligingly furnishing the Legislature with pretexts for delay.

If the English flying squadron goes to Bermuda, there will be squalls on the horizon.

Germany's civil code, the work of twenty-five years of study by Imperial counselors, has just been presented to the Reichstag.

The delegates to the Democratic National Convention will all have New York left to go to after they have endured Chicago.

The German Empire is twenty-five years old to-day, and Wilhelm seems to think it is old enough to twist the British lion's tail.

The extension of the Trust principle even to the illicit whiskey traffic in Ludlow Street Jail is one of the amusing things of the hour.

The Republicans are all broken up after Thursday night's machine meeting, and they talk of abolishing the election district system.

The British did not have to fire a shot in Ashanti, and Battenberg was the only man wounded, in a severe encounter with swamp fever.

There will be true bills against all those Italian makers and circulators of false bills, and they will be followed by some heavy sentences.

Campos decamps. He has got to go home and consult with the Queen at Madrid. She feels in danger. Revolution is lighting its fires in the Peninsula.

The whole question of the licenses turns upon that other and graver question—any business which is licensed by the police can claim vested rights.

## AN EMPIRE'S BIRTHDAY.

Twenty-five years ago to-day, in the palace of the French Kings at Versailles, Wilhelm First of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of Germany, and the new German Empire sprang into being. War and its triumphs, and the mighty statesmanship of Bismarck, had brought about that unification of the German States for which millions of patriots had so long sighed in vain. Humiliated Austria, shattered France, bowed their heads and turned aside from the path of the conquering legions of the great Teutonic people. A new political and industrial power was born. Berlin, once only a second rate capital, blossomed into a great "world-centre," to which diplomats came in throngs to attend Congresses which settled the destinies of continents. The treaty of Frankfurt gave to Germany magnificent commercial advantages, and changed the currents of international trade. Prussia set the seal of her austere intellectuality and her vast military power upon the whole of the German States. The mild-mannered King whom Bismarck had impelled to be the standard bearer of Germany became a not unworthy successor of the glorious Charlemagne.

The unified Empire, which arose upon the ruins of its ancient enemy's warlike prestige, has had no ill luck since its dazzling entry upon the scene of European politics. In a period of profound peace, studded with industrial and intellectual triumphs, the quarter of a century since that august day before besieged Paris, in 1871, has slipped away. Not until now has there been serious danger of war, and now it is not with the old enemies whom Germany has humbled, but with a kindred nation who finds her a formidable rival in the field of trade. At the summit of prosperity, with the products of German looms, forges and shops daily sent to the four quarters of the globe, the young Emperor who wears the crown which his grandfather had rendered illustrious utters a sharp defiance to England, and checks that nation in its "earth-hunger." With the most powerful and perfect army in Europe, and with a compact fleet at his disposition, with a strong alliance practically at his orders, he steps to the forefront of European politics without a tremor.

He is a noticeable figure, this eccentric, impulsive successor of Charlemagne. Will he forget the tendencies of the time, and carry Imperialism too far? Will he attempt to repress by "blood and iron" the aspirations toward republicanism which at least thirty cities in his Empire have manifested under the guise of various kinds of

Socialism? Or will he learn the lesson in time, and let the German Imperialism which was at first a necessity to German unity soften into the broad freedom for which Germany is more ripe than any other Continental people? Will the luminous vision of Freiligrath be realized before the Empire comes to its fiftieth anniversary, and will the "sovereign people, roused and bold," have reached its full stature by that time?

Few statelier edifices political, military, and industrial, have ever been raised than this young German Empire. It has the friendship of America, even though it is to be our great rival in the field of the world. Whether it remains Empire, or mellows into Republic, it will still have our warmest esteem and admiration, as the noble structure appeared by a glorious company of thinkers and warriors.

A young ruffian, who had murdered in cold blood a girl who refused to marry him, escaped the electric chair this week, through the mistaken leniency of a jury. The night after the verdict in his case another young ruffian attempted the same crime in the same circumstances.

## MYSTERY WITHIN MYSTERY.

Who will recover the stolen Burden diamonds—the police, Mr. Burden himself, or no one at all? Ever since the crime was committed the police have been attempting to trace the thief by the usual police methods, and Mr. Burden has been trying to get back his wife's property by a compromise with the house-breakers. Yesterday the public learned of one instance in which Mr. Burden and the police worked together, and caught a man who had answered one of Mr. Burden's advertisements, but whom they decided to be only a practical joker.

There is something of a mystery in connection with this practical joker, who is Henry Figer, a clerk in a Fulton street store. He answered Mr. Burden's advertisement in which \$5,000 reward was offered for the return of the jewelry, promising to return the property for \$10,000, and directing Mr. Burden to insert another advertisement and then communicate further with him by telephone. Mr. Burden published the second advertisement, informing his correspondent that he might "communicate in confidence" with the advertiser, and then called in Detective Evanhoe, who, by clever and rapid work, caught Figer at the telephone as he was directing Mr. Burden how to proceed to recover the stolen jewels.

Figer at first denied having telephoned to Mr. Burden, and professed to know nothing about the matter until the paper in his employer's store was found to correspond with that on which the note to Mr. Burden was written. Then he said that he had called up Mr. Burden on the telephone, in answer to the advertisement, for a joke. This explanation seems to have been so satisfactory to both Mr. Burden and the detective that they not only refused to proceed against Figer, but begged his employer not to discharge him for engaging in a little innocent pleasantry.

That is the mysterious part of the affair. Is it possible that Figer furnished a clue by which Mr. Burden and the detective hope to recover the lost diamonds? And, if that is the case, has Detective Evanhoe any right to assist in compounding a felony? And, if it was only a joke on Figer's part, can Mr. Burden hope that the real thieves will believe the "in confidence" clause of his next advertisement?

The catalogue of the British Museum, which was published before the new poet laureate was appointed, has forty-four entries under the name of Alfred Austin, "novelist, etc."

## WHAT DO THEY MEAN?

In various quarters in this country a tendency to decry anything like a resolute and comprehensive affirmation of the Monroe Doctrine is observable just now. It is surprising, because it can hardly be regarded as distinctly American or patriotic.

What does the Monroe Doctrine mean?—If not the expressed will of the American nation that henceforth there shall be no further extension of the monarchical system by any European power to the American Continent? And why was this expression of national feeling made, and why is it thought necessary to reaffirm it now? Is it not because there is an evident tendency to encroach upon, and overrun, and occupy much of the territory of South America, manifested by the monarchical power which has already grabbed everything on this Continent which it could take without opposition from us? Is it not because, with England triumphantly established at the mouths of the Orinoco, it would not require half a century for her to found a new India in South America?

And now we are told that we have no right to elevate the barrier of the Monroe Doctrine against purchase by England of any territory which she can persuade a South American Republic to sell. Who is to dictate to us what our rights are? A few arrogant Anglo-manics, who think that nobody but Britons have the privilege of being "Jingoos"? Or the great mass of the American people, who have determined that it is time to reaffirm the warning

of the fathers, and to insert a special proviso that monarchy shall not buy any footholds on this Continent or adjacent islands? Who are these pleaders for England? What do they mean?

Senator Sewell's resolution relating to the Monroe Doctrine hints at a back-down. It should be quietly consigned to the waste basket.

## BRIDGE TROLLEY CARS.

The Brooklyn Bridge could better serve the public need if, as the Engineering News suggests, trolley tracks were laid in the roadways and opened on equal terms to all the surface railroad companies.

This proposition will not please the schemers who are seeking to gain possession of the Bridge railway, but it is practical. The roadways are seldom crowded, and their width is ample for a single trolley track, and for wagons to pass at its side. Cars going west upon the northern roadway, and east upon the southern, in a steady procession, would carry, it is estimated, from 6,000 to 18,000 passengers per hour, the number depending upon the terminal facilities in the New York station. They could carry no greater number even on the tracks of the present railway.

As the cable cars can now carry 24,000 passengers per hour, and will soon be enabled to do better still, the surrender of the railway to the Flynn syndicate, or to any other syndicate, would be folly—worse than folly. But surface tracks in the roadways would do much to relieve the present dangerous and disgraceful state of affairs.

The gist of the testimony before the Greater New York legislative committee seems to be that Brooklyn waits resubmission of the question in order to defeat Consolidation.

Eight hundred dollars worth of stolen jewelry found in a baby carriage! The Calumet Club's jewels found in a Battery Park laundry! Mr. Burden may find his diamonds in one of Waring's carts.

Among the many questions concerning the drink habit which will trouble the somnolence of our present rural Legislature will be a prayer for the repeal of that absurd law for teaching temperance so many hours a week in the public schools.

The South is a dangerous place. In Waycross, Ga., Walter Miller was shot by a negro, by way of keeping his hand in, when Dr. Henry Collier, a friend of his, got in the way and was killed. Miller felt so badly about the circumstance that he went away to Florida.

How did the London Chronicle get its misinformation that Cardinal Satolli had called on President Cleveland to offer the services of the Pope as arbitrator of the Venezuelan boundary question? If an American newspaper had originated so absurd a canard, the English press would have declared it a dishonest invention.

The departure of M. Floquet from the scene of French politics will leave a noticeable gap. Whether saluting Poland under the very nose of the Russian Czar, or making Boulanger swallow an inch or two of cold steel, he has always manifested an "intense" personality. Floquet was an ardent patriot, and his Republicanism dated back to times when it took high courage to be a Republican in France. It is a thousand pities that the mud from the Panama scandal bespattered his name.

Every New Yorker who has suffered during Summer outings from the return of the garbage along the picturesque shores of Long Island and New Jersey will sympathize with Mayor Strong's anxiety to get the question of its final disposition settled before next July. Whatever is done with it, let it be removed utterly out of the range of the incoming tides, so that it will no longer be necessary to disport in the surf in the immediate neighborhood of defunct cats and decaying vegetables.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley sums up in a dispassionate article in the Nineteenth Century of London the present "Issue Between Great Britain and America." What he chiefly insists upon is the universal adherence to the Monroe Doctrine from New York to El Paso, and from Seattle to New Orleans, without distinction of party; and he is particular to point out that he heard no word about Ireland or Irish influence. During his recent visit to this country he professed the greatest surprise at the unfriendly criticism of England which he heard broadcast, and upon reaching home "I tried," he says, "to impress upon everybody here that there was a storm brewing in the West which would burst over these islands with the force of a hurricane. In less than a month the tempest broke over us with startling effect."

After reviewing the circumstances which brought about the storm, he falls to see why people in England can declare so lightly that there will be no war. Evidently he does not consider that the easiest sortie from the difficulty will be for England to back squarely out of an untenable position. He recommends the appointment of an English commission similar to that named by us.

## England's Double Shock.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]  
 What astounds England is that the Emperor of Germany has dared to do for the Boers about the same that the President of the United States dared to do for Venezuela. He let England know in one short telegram where his sympathies were.

## Connecticut Discovery.

[New Haven Palladium.]  
 Many a man would be a Benedict to-day if his teeth hadn't wobbled when he kissed the girl he loved.

## "A LICKIN' OF PROMISE."

This Brief Line Only Hints at the Merit Which Will Be Purchasable Tomorrow for Three Cents.

This is not written to discourage a bevy of poor contentmentaries, who, doing their feeble, futile best, but blind and halt, go limping to a weekly failure; it is to inform a people of a success within their reach, a prize within their grasp. Anything which will encourage a public, please a public, console and inform a public, is a good thing. By these lights next Sunday's Journal is the best on earth. Get it, read it and be filled and uplifted thereby. In an age of triumphs, next Sunday's Journal will be the victory of victories.

To have it is to make next Sunday a success. If you can't buy it, borrow it; at least don't miss it.

A mystery of fifty years is solved, among other problems. A woman who baffled court and jury when she was tried for a dreadful crime and fought for death so that her identity might be hidden has finally told her story to the Journal. The law hawks knew her and swooped at her as "the veiled murderess." Her story makes a chapter in red crime to read which will cause you to look under the bed at night and sleep with the lights burning.

Dramatic critics see too many plays; their tastes get tired, their appetites cloyed. Out for fresh and vigorous opinions, the Journal takes two characters from real life, one a woman and the other a man, both types, sets them face to face with their prototypes on the stage on opening nights, and makes them do the criticizing. In this instance the critics themselves are the real thing. Their caustic comment on the stage work which is meant to represent them will be worth a perusal. The plays dealt with are new and popular, the comment accurate and bright. Read these unprofessional critiques in Sunday's Journal.

A ghost is ever an uncanny bird, and a thing indeed to be feared. Think, then, of the nameless horror of a ghost in bloomers. Read of this misguided and strangely appalled spook in Sunday's Journal.

The metropolitan police force is as full of the unexpected as a novel by Wilkie Collins. A Journal woman has had recent tremendous experience with the local bobbies of Mulberry street.

How would you go to work to open negotiations with a deaf, dumb and blind man and make him understand your questions and be able on your own part to appreciate his reply? This was the conundrum which held a board of doctors of one of our local hospitals at bay for three months. They argued and suggested and thought, while the deaf, dumb, blind patient put in time as best he might. It looked for a while as if it was a complete case of cut-off, and that to be deaf, dumb and blind meant that the victim was to live and die a mental and spiritual Solitaire, and "out of humanity's reach." But they got to him at last, and the method by which they made this much-afflicted individual understand and be understood is told in Sunday's Journal. Get it and read it; and then when you strike a deaf, dumb and blind man you will have a system to match a delicate emergency.

Men have jumped from great heights moved by powers they could not tell of. Men have leaped from the decks of boats into the water to drown, and when fished out by surprised folk looking on told of some fascination which made them do it. Men in the presence of a great natural wonder have been known to commit suicide without apparent cause. Niagara Falls, a perfect tryst for self-killers, makes in its history a case in point. Next Sunday's paper, in a deep and thoughtful article, gives the psychical side of all this, and tells why men in some profound natural presence are seized with the impulse to destroy themselves.

The man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo is forgotten. The man who will break the bank at Monte Carlo has just come to light. He goes over with a "system." This system has been used successfully in Wall Street for many months. Its inventor was so highly appreciated that he secured the friendship and the backing of some of the biggest operators and died worth a small fortune.

"Pook Bah," the celebrated comic opera official, has been more than outdone by a New Yorker in real life. His amazing capacity for governing and how he uses it is one of the many interesting things in the Sunday Journal.

When you order beer you use only one language. There is a place in New York City where it takes eighteen languages to get an evening's drinks. Read of it and learn how to avoid it.

A young woman within the week has risked her life to serve a friend and feel a new sensation. She tells the story of it in the Sunday Journal.

It has been proved that physicians themselves may defeat their own merciful ends by their love of personal adornment. Just how science may be handicapped by vanity is a valuable bit of information. The Sunday Journal will contain it.

Has Bob Ingersoll been converted? The Christian Endeavorers and the Salvationists believe he has been. The Sunday Journal will tell all about the extraordinary organization which has led to his change of heart; that is, if his heart has been changed.

Within fifty miles of New York a state of anarchy exists which is not equalled in the most remote islands of the Pacific. It amazes the Sunday Journal's writer, and it will amaze you when you read of it.

There is a man who is older by many years than the century which has now almost reached its end. He can look back upon things which occurred before 1800 without straining his memory in the least. New York will not hear of him until it reads the Sunday Journal.

This merely hints of the good things which will be offered Sunday morning for THREE CENTS.

If you want to get them you will have to get up early. Bill Nye, Dan Quinn, Julian Ralph and many other authors of great celebrity will help make them desirable. You cannot afford to miss them, and we know that you do not want to.

We speak in kindness when we suggest that you order the Sunday Journal of your newsdealer on your way home from business to-night.

## Cautious Statement.

[Baltimore American.]  
 There is reported to be a great crop of ice.

## Worth Trying, Anyhow.

[Philadelphia Press.]  
 Secretary Sherman sold \$40,000,000 of bonds from the post office in a day. Why cannot Secretary Carlisle follow his example?

## Principles Ignored.

[Hartford Free Press.]  
 We have all heard something of that charge of the Light Brigade in the Crimea some years ago. It was a shocking mistake, and disastrous, but we are not accustomed to regard it as a stain on British arms. The affair the other day at Krugersdorp was another instance of mistakes and blunders. There was no stain on the British arms in spite of these events.

## A Study in Livers.

Eulinda came, the other morning, into the breakfast room, where I was lingering over the morning paper and a last cup of Eulinda's good coffee.

"Has you had enuff breakfast, Miss Dolly?"

"Yes, Eulinda, I am all right; I'm just loafing."

Still Eulinda lingered, pretending to be arranging the china on the sideboard, but I noticed that she took the pieces down and abstractedly put them back in the same places, and I knew she had something on her mind. After she had changed my pet souvenir cups from the first shelf to the second shelf and back again six times, I said:

"What is it, Eulinda?"

"Oh, nuffin, Miss Dolly; I see jess thinkin'."

"But you don't usually think as hard as this so early in the morning. What have you got on your mind?"

"Well, Miss Dolly, to tell de truff, it's jess this—but I don lak to be meddlin'."

"Go on, Eulinda; you never meddle."

"Well, Miss Dolly," and Eulinda waved a china teacup impressively in the air, "I jess don lak dat light-headed gen-man what comes here, no way in de wurld."

"No?" I said, not much surprised, for Eulinda always likes or dislikes.

"He's right sma't and cleveah, Miss Dolly—I aint sayin' nuffin agen dat—and he sutlinly has be-yoo-tiful eyes" (and Eulinda rolled her own about with much feeling); "they's jess as blue as a baby's."

"Miss Dolly, he's white-livered."

"Why, Eulinda?" said I, sitting up in surprise, for though Eulinda is often my humble mentor, I never knew her to study my friends' temperaments. "Do you mean he is afraid—he has no courage?"

"No'm, Miss Dolly; he's jess white-livered. Doan yo' get to lakkin' him at all, Miss Dolly. I've been studyin' 'im and studyin' 'im, and he's jess white-livered. Doan you know, honey, there's folks as has livers, 'stead o' bein' natchel colored they's white."

"They're hoodooed, Miss Dolly" (and Eulinda's voice sank into an eerie whisper), and all they's folks dies. Doan yo' go takin' no risks, honey."

Then Eulinda set her teacup down with a bang and resumed her work, just as if she had not suddenly turned into an incomprehensible alibi. I knew I had run up against one of her Voodoo superstitions, but no amount of questioning could get anything more out of her. Yet—and in spite of an inheritance of civilization, in spite of my boasted lack of superstition—I can't for the life of me, now, help studying livers.

## LITERARY SHOP-TALK.

The bookstore of S. B. Lyster, of No. 79 Nassau street, was established in 1840 by Mr. T. W. Reeve, and for forty-five years it has been the gathering place for many of the best known book buyers and literateurs of the city. A few days ago this well-known establishment passed into the hands of Messrs. D. G. Francis & Co., of which Mr. George H. Richmond is president. The stock which changed hands is well known throughout the city as one of the largest, comprising standard English books in fine bindings, that can be found. Rare and beautiful editions of Dickens, Thackeray, Walpole, Greville, Jane Austen, Lady Jackson and other famous writers are to be found here, and there will be a general clearing out of stock before the books are removed to the D. G. Francis store, in East Fifteenth street.

The League of American Wheelmen, which is a prominent factor in the demand for good roads which has been going on in this country for several years past, owes its existence to the labors of a newspaper man, Mr. Kirk Munroe, who founded it fifteen years ago. The first meet was held in Newport, R. I., on Decoration Day, with an attendance of about 125 wheelmen, riding the old-fashioned high wheels. Mr. Munroe was the first editor of Harper's Young People, and was prior to that a reporter on various New York papers. He is now a resident of Florida, and is known as the author of several popular juvenile books, such as "Camp Mates," "Raff Mates," "Ship Mates," etc. The league is circulating among its officers an excellent pamphlet touching on the subject of country roads, how to construct and preserve them. This pamphlet is called "Country Roads," and it belongs to the "Good Roads Library," published bi-monthly by Isaac B. Potter, of New York.

Under the title of "The King's Strategem" Mr. Stanley Weyman has published half a dozen short stories, which, while pleasant enough, will add nothing to his reputation. In the little story we meet Henry of Navarre again, but that is about all there is to remind us of "A Gentleman of France." The other stories are modern English and though sufficiently readable, are disappointing as coming from the pen of one who has given us "Francis Claude" and "Lady Rotha." The book is published by Platt & Bene, and is very attractive in its convenient size and clean type.

The magazines have learned many useful lessons from the daily newspapers. And now the great art of writing catchy headlines has worked up, by capillary attraction, to the level of the monthlies. Among the startling features of the Lincoln matter in the February McClure are the following sensational heads:

DECIDES TO BUY A STORE.  
 THE FIRM HIRES A CLERK.  
 HE FINALLY DECIDES ON A LEGAL CAREER.

Hope, MacLaren and Stevenson are admirably represented in the same number, and although there is that in the McClure methods which lettered men cannot altogether like, the magazine is worth at least 11 cents and may be bought for ten.

Here is Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly laid on your lap by the newsboy on the sidewalk, with a popcorn ball before it and mixed broken candy to follow. And this sort of pushing has given the monthly a popularity that none of the others enjoys. The article on General Lee is the best thing of the sort that has been done for a long time, and is full of new information.

Why does Cosmopolis print itself in three languages? The names of the contributors promise well. The critical departments of the English section are poorly supplied. Stevenson's unfinished romance is out of place in a magazine. An incomplete book is for those to buy who love the author's work especially, not for the table d'hôte of all men's fare.

## Be Your Own Syndicate.

[Chicago Daily News.]  
 Every man with \$50 in gold can be the J. Pierpont Morgan of the new Government loan.

## Return of the Ancients.

[Albany Argus.]  
 Republican nomination for President, Levi P. Morton, aged 72. Populist nomination for President, Lyman Trumbull, aged 82. Reform, make room for your grandpa.

## The History of the Tattooed Man.

The serious illness of Bernard Gillam, the artistic head of Judge, recalls to many the fact that one of the most famous and effective of modern cartoons was the product of his pencil, if not exactly of his brain. As a matter of fact, it is very seldom that a good cartoon or humorous picture is the work of a single man, and in the office of a first-class satirical paper it is customary to subject the pictures to the right scrutiny of the principal members of the staff.

It was in 1884, just before the National Republican Convention of that year, that the double-page cartoon, representing James G. Blaine as a tattooed man appeared in Puck, and instantly attracted universal attention.

It is generally believed by astute politicians that this cartoon was a factor of enormous power in the work of defeating Blaine in that convention. Certain it is that the Maine statesman never forgot or forgave it.

But if the cartoon defeated Blaine, it made Gillam, for very soon after it appeared he was invited to take the place



at the head of Judge, which he has held ever since. The cut which accompanied this article is a reproduction of the dominant figure in the cartoon. The figure will doubtless be recalled by most of our readers, but it is probable that very few of them will remember that it was only one feature of a picture which represented the Presidential candidates of 1884, posing as freaks in a dime museum.

The idea of the picture was originally suggested by Mr. Carl Hauser, at that time the assistant editor of the German edition of Puck, and now well known as a writer for the local German press, and a wit who enjoys the highest esteem among his compatriots.

Mr. Gillam, who was at that time one of the cleverest members of Puck's staff of artists, was requested to make the picture, and in a rough sketch which he submitted there was a small figure in the background which attracted the attention of Mr. Schwarzmann, the publisher.

"Who is that?" he inquired, after the more important details of the cartoon had been thoroughly discussed.

"I intended to put there a picture of David Davis, as a tattooed man," replied the artist.

"Very good," said the publisher of Puck, "but perhaps we would better put some body there whose record is not as straight as that of Mr. Davis."

Blaine's name was suggested, and then some one remarked that it would be a good idea to tattoo him, with the words "Little Rock." To this was added "Mulligan Letters," and in a very short space of time the figure of James G. Blaine, as it is shown in this column, was brought into such prominence that it overshadowed all the others on the page.

Blaine withdrew under the attack and his political opponents were not slow to recognize the strength of the cartoon, and to make use of it as best they could. It was followed shortly afterward by a picture called "Phryne Before the Judges," taken from a famous painting of that name and representing the statesman clothed in his tattooing, and hiding his face in his hands with shame. This cartoon was also the work of Mr. Gillam, and the two may be set down as the most notable achievements of his career.

## Two Ladies of France.

I. Sarah Bernhardt to Y. G.  
 I don't care to hear you sing,  
 I don't care to hear you sing,  
 I don't want to know a thing  
 To make Maurice blush for his mate  
 I'm young, and handsome, and free;  
 I don't wish to be compromised—  
 You must not depend upon me  
 When you want to be advertised!

II. Yvette Guilbert to S. B.  
 I should so like to sing for you—  
 I know what old ladies adore!  
 For I've had a grandmother, too,  
 And I've sung to grandmothers before!  
 Bring Maurice's children to hear  
 My chansons—New York thinks they're fine.  
 And, now, an avoué, Sarah, dear,  
 I must drop my friend Maurice a line!

J. P. B.

## No Longer Novel.

[Baltimore American.]  
 Sarah Bernhardt says she would be afraid of riding a wheel in New York for fear of creating a sensation. If the famous tragedienne thinks such mild conduct would excite the metropolis, it is evident that she has not been keeping posted on Gotham happenings lately.

## Morton's Broad Smile.

[Chicago Chronicle.]  
 If the stereotyped smile on the face of the newspaper likeness of Governor Morton is transferred from the original and is a faithful representation the venerable Governor of New York must have cultivated something resembling the perennial smile of the late Schuyler Colfax.

## Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

Has it ever struck any one as being extraordinary that in this metropolis, where the Irish are so important an element, so little knowledge of their true characteristics should prevail? We derive our idea of the Irishman, as a national or racial type, from the preposterous, fanciful conceptions of comic journalism and the grotesque impersonations of the variety stage. These